## YOU-ALL'S YANK, WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR AY WILLIAM MCLEOD RAINE. (Copyright, 1962, by William McLeed Raine.)

"Hyer comes youall's Yank a-rarin' Brad Henderson leaned on his hoe to watch the lithe, graceful figure of the

young man galloping toward them. "He ain't weall's Yank ary mo' than youall's; but he has a right tender hyart fer a Yank. When M'ria Jane were daown with the fever and me a-chillin' blamed if he didn't be'n an' doctor us fer nothing and

'beout keep us in store truck.' At a not very remote date Brad had been a soldier in the ranks of the confederacy, so that his provisional indorsement of the young northern doctor might be construed

Young Hillis half drew up at the black berry-grown fence corner and threw a sack of stick candy to Henderson.

"Here, take this to the young ones," he shouted as he galloped on. The fine liquid eyes in the lank face of Brad Henderson lit up with gratified pater-

nal pride. To a casual observer his chil-dren might appear nothing but a swarm of ragged superfluitles, but Brad loved them as much as if he had been worth a million dollars and they had been arrayed in purple and fine linen. "Blame it all, if that ain't kind neow fer

him tew remember the little tricks, Lem. Store candy tew. We uns ain't seen none Lem Fisher chewed tobacco stolidly and

as much opposed to that sort of thing as colonel himself. He admitted to himelf that the bulk of the honesty and inteligence of the state was in the democratic party; but that was merely another way of saying that Arkansas was a southern state. It was a moot question with the young doctor whether it would be better to leave matters the way they were or to hand them back into the hands of the other party. But he would never have confessed as much to the colonel.

The magic of the spring wooed the young man to optimism. He told himself that the barrier which had been raised between him and his love was insubstantial and would soon disappear. It was preposterous to suppose that at this age of the world such skinleep distinctions were vital.

However, it did not increase Hillis' faith in the ultimate happy outcome of events which he had just predicted to himself to neet Emmet Wallace riding in the opposite direction from him and toward the comb plantation. They passed without other recognition than that which comes from the eyes of men who mutually dislike each other. Even if their love of the same woman had not been a spur to hatred they ould never have been more than tolerant of each other. The southerner was a goodlooking enough fellow in a dark, dissolute way. His mouth was weak and his baggy eyes told of dissipation. More than once he and Dr. Hillis had come to disagreement in regard to the local management of their party. Wallace believed frankly that the negroes must be kept in line by intimida-The other party intimidated, if not in "Reckon he's a coward. When Emmet this country elsewhere, and it was the business of the republicans to take a leaf out



"DON'T YOU LOVE ME A LITTLE BIT, JOHN?"

By gum heow would a man fight 'cepen with a gun an' when he was riled?" Brad shoved back his shapeless slouch He felt that the community had a wrong appreciation of Dr. Hillis, but for the life

of him he could not tell why. If gotten it intew my craw thet he has it. Them Yanks is different from us, Lem. I be'n told theyall go tew law when they have a 'ruption 'stead o' fightin' like

"Shucks! I 'low folks shoot everywhere when they git mad, lessen they be feared. He air courtin' the colonel's gyurl, ain't

"Naw, him an' Col. Dascomb done had a

fallin' out 'beout politics. M'ria Jane war in the kitchen an' heerd it all. When they had talked back an' forth a right smart heap the colonel rose and says mighty quiet, 'No man that holds views like youall does can marry my daughter, Dr. Hillis." "Ain't thet plumb like the colonel neow? And what did the Yank say?"

"He stood up pow'ful straight an' said,
"If I have to change my opinions to win
your consent I'll never get it, Col. Dascomb; but I give you fair warning that I shall marry her without if I can.' Well, I'm durned! But I reckon Miss

Julie will stand by her paw. The Das-combs air mighty proud." "I reckon. An' he ain't a man tew change his mind. Turned off Emmet Wallace, his own sister's son, fer jinin' the republicans." "Serve him right, tew. He went in with them cyarpet baggers tew get the post of-fice. He always were a slippery cuss, durn his ornery hide. But Colonel Dascomb air a man tew tie to. Dew you remember, Brad, heow he led us in that charge deown the streets of Helena with two bullets in

him, by gum." The Dascomb house sits well back from the road, surrounded by large walnut trees which moderate the heat of the Arkansas summer sun. A large covered veranda around the house, cut in two by the regulation wide open "gallery" from front to rear. The honeysuckle and English ivy vines ran riot over the plazza, and at one corner a clump of rose bushes bloomed.

Robert Hillis' eyes swept the "gallery and the front windows, and were gladdened by the glimpse of a slim, graceful shape and the swish of a white skirt. His handsome face lighted for a few moments as he rode gaily down the road, cutting at the his riding switch and humming an old-time slave song he had heard the negroes sing at their work in the cotton fields:

"If you treat me right I 'druther work than play, But if you doan't treat me right I'se bound t' run away."

He came across Uncle Ben Dascomb "toling a shote" with an ear of corn. Hillis flung him a careless greeting and the old negro flashed back a broad smile that revealed toothless gums. Nearly all the ne-groes liked Dr. Hillis, partly because he was a northerner and partly because he never bullied them. Uncle Ben followed the political faith of his master, Colonel Dascomb, and voted the democratic ticket with faithful regularity, but even he confessed that if all "republicans" were like Doctor Hillis there might be something to

be said for them. Since the Dascomb place had been forbidden territory to young Hillis he had seen very little of Julia Dascomb; much less than he would have liked to see. Merely to think of his trouble with the colonel made him fume with vexation at his own indiscretion. To him the whole quarrel appeared ridiculously inadequate and insig-nificant; certainly no sufficient reason why he and Julia should not meet as usual. What had a man's political opinions to do with his fitness as a good husband? The colonel seemed to think that the war was still a living issue and he appeared to re-gard being a republican as a species of imbeing a republican as a species of immorality.

Hillis forgot that the federal army had swept over Dascomb's place, burned his house and his cotton, and freed his slaves. He had gone to the war a rich man and he had come back poor; but Dascomb could have forgiven that. What he could not forget was that the carpet-baggers remained to despoil the south and to fill the

fight with a gun eve'y time he got mad. of their opponent's book. The policy of onciliation toward the democrats urged by Hillis appeared to him both weak and futile and the young doctor had earned the bitter dislike of Wallace and his followers by his

ce in opposing them. A half-grown, barefoot boy in ragged jeans was sitting on the worm fence in front of the Coleman yard as Doctor Hillis rode up. He slid off the fence to take charge of the horse, and came forward imperturbably chewing tobacco 'Ol' man Coleman were packing corn tew

the mill when thet ernery meul o' his kicked him plumb dead fer an hour," explained the youth. The stars were out before the young northerner left the sick man in a comforta-

ble sleep and turned his horse homeward. He had reached the last bit of woods between him and the little town of Richmond, and was picking his way carefully along the corduroy road which bisected the swamp on each side of it, when a sound came to him through the still night that et him tense and rigid, with squared shoulders and ears strained to localize the direction of the voice.

Hillis slipped from the saddle and picked his way cautiously through the swamp. He could distinguish voices now, one low and pleading and the other insolent and jeering. He had time to reflect that they were both familiar to him before the sounds took the form of articulate words to him.

"One minute more, Uncle Ben. You old reprobate, haven't you any gratitude? What d'yeou think they freed the niggahs for except to vote 'em? Hurry up and get intuh line. Half a minute left," drawled a cool,

"Marse Emmet, I dunno nuttin' 'tall 'bout youalls politicks--' "Ah! Then we'll teach yeou. You' own

pahty approves of educating youall with the bud, so the can be no objections to it," tormented Wallace, with lazy enjoyment of the old negro's terror. "Time's up. Give him the bud, Dave."

He shut his watch with a snap, and nod-ded to his confederate. The fellow stap-ped back for a better swing. "Uncle Ben" Dascomb, stripped to the waist and tied with pawpaw strips to a dogwood tree, screamed and writhed in anticipation. But the blow never fell. Doctor Hillis tore the hickory from the rufflan's hands, and lashed it twice across his masked face. Dave Ford fell back into the brush, then turned, ter-ror-stricken, and plunged headlong into the adine bushes and the pawpaws with ding switch and humming an old-time switch and humming an old-time a pistol, and leaped at Wallace like a wildcat. He felt a streak of fire tearing through his shoulder, but minded it no more than a drop of rain. He tore the revolver from his opponent and, shifting it to his hand, beat

him flercely with it across the head unt! he fell to the round. Robert Hillis felt a curious lightness of head combined with an intense heaviness of head combined with an intense neaviness of limb as he dragged himself across to the negro. It was as if he were divorced from his body and all things tangible. But he knew he must get out of that before Dave

Ford returned with help. He cut the paw-paw strips with his knife and dragged the trembling old man to the road. He was consumed with a desire to lie down and have done with it, but he set his teeth and fought it desperately. Somehow, he reach-ed the saddle, and the negro mounted behind him. When next Robert Hillis took account of They got tew be decent or go to kingdom time he found himself at his office door.

Voices and the indistinct forms of men defined themselves to his consciousness. He recognized the men as Brad Henderson and Lem Fisher. The old negro was explaining to them tremulously what had happened.

"Jumped right in an' taken a hand. Walyou all said? An' him toting round a bullet in his shoulder? Dad burn, but I like thet. Looks like he got spunk, Brad." "Toby shore he has. But they 'uns will

light on him yet, lessen we 'uns air right smart. Dave Ford an' his Cache crowd will be deown mighty shortly. Reckon weall will be decown mighty shortly. Reckon weall can stand them off?"

Lem shook his head.
"Then you must ride fer Colonel Dascomb on you mewl. They dassent counter him oncet he gits hyer. Take the swamp road an' burn the wind."

till they came to the building in which the office of Doctor Hillis was located. For all the lights that showed, it appeared as deserted as the silent street had been before this eruption of angry men. Dave Ford moved forward from the little group and knocked upon the door. A window in the office upstairs was flung open so quickly that Ford stumbled back in alarm.

"What do you want?" asked Hillis, stepping out to the open veranda. "We want the nigger, and we want yeou. We have an account to settle with yeou both!" cried Wallace in a passion of rage. "An' we want yeou both right away without any monkeying. By gum, we 'low tew learn youall a lesson fer interfering. We air fixin' tew give the hickory both tew youall an' the nigger," cried Ford. He was conscious that he had not acquitted himself with credit earlier in the evening, and he was anxious to retrieve himself with his companions.

"The nigger isn't here, and if he was you ild not have him." "We'll mighty soon se abeaut thet." Robert Hillis faced them steadily, a re-

volver in his right hand. His left arm hung helpless by his side. There was neither fear nor bravado in his face.
"I warn you that the first man who moves forward I shall shoot," he said

quietly.

Brad Henderson lounged out from the office, carrying a shotgun loaded with buck-

"'Pears like youall air looking fer trouble," he suggested, mildly, without a trace of animosity.

"Yeou ain't in this, Brad Henderson. We air aimin' tew settle hit fer ourselves."

Brad grinned down sheepishly. "I hate tew put in tew yeou gentlemen's little diff'rence, but I 'low youall better count me in. There was a whispered consultation below, which lasted for some minutes. Finally Dave Ford essayed to explain the situation to Brad. His evil upturned face showed two livid bars of swollen flesh where the hickory

"Look a-hyer, Brad," he wheedled, with an effort intended to convey frank amiabil-"Yeou cayn't help him none. We'uns taken an oath tew give him the bud, an' we hain't a-goin' tew rue back. We ain't aimin' tew kill him, nor be noways mean, but jes' tew give him a taste of hit. Yeou don't know how he has pestered we'uns. I give yeou my word, from one gen'leman tew another, thet weall will be plumb kindly ew him. Consarn hit, he ain't nothin' but a Yank, nohow. I cavn't see what fer yeou are frolickin' areound with thet gun. Didn't the Yanks burn youalls cotton? Hit ain't reasonable fer yeou tew be acting so mul-

Dave Ford's face fairly worked with emotion. If he had not known the fellow's black record Brad might have judged him to be suffering the perplexity of an honest man who is troubled at the departure of a lifelong friend from the paths of righteous-

Brad rasped his hand back and forth along his tank, bristly chin. "I wa'nt never rightly sure whether the Yanks or the \*\*graybacks burnt my cotton. Hit were in the night, an' they forgot tew leave the' names. But 'beout this hyer matter-cayn't youall fix it up somehow? Hit air onneighoorly tew be shootin' reound this a-way.' "Devil take you! We're not asking you' advice. If yeou are coming daown from there be mighty quick absout it," screamed

Wallace in impatient rage. "Sence yeou put it thet way, I 'low I'll

"Then stay, you blamed fool." Wallace threw up his arm and fired. At the same time he swung his horse round and gave it the spur. The graybacks fol-lowed him through the rank dogfennel to the shelter of some piles of cordwood about fifty yards away. "Mighty nigh got yeou. The' ain't a bet-

ter shot in the caounty than Emmet," commented Henderson, admiringly.

A fusillade from the woodpiles drove the

Naw, by gum, hit air a gyurl." Hillis was looking at her, too, an inde-

"Hyer comes the colonel licketty split.

tearing down the stairs three steps at a time. He flung out into the street, reck-less of the bullets which drove past him nto the soft wood. If he had been capable of taking thought, he would have felt instinctively that he was bullet proof for the present; but he was conscious only of the

overmastering impulsion to reach and pro-

tect the woman he loved. Whether the graybacks had mistaken her for Robert Hillis escaping in the darkness, or whether they fired at the approaching figure in mere wanton abandon will never be known; in any case they were now ap-palled at what they feared they had done. Northern settlers were not so scarce that the law would inquire rigidly concerning the death of one in these unsettled times: but if anything serious had happened to Miss Julia Dascomb, the most popular young lady in the settlement both own and on her father's account, it needed no phophet to foretell the fate that would fall on them surely and promptly without

When Lem Fisher reached the Dascomb place it appeared that the colonel was away at a neighbor's place farther up the road. Lem rode on to get the colonel, while Uncle Ben poured out his story to his young mistress. The old negro was a trusted friend of the family. During the war he had run the plantation in the absence of his master and supported the family by his labor. Julia and Emmet had been children on the place at the time, and it made her blood boil to think that Wallace had forgotten the love they owed the old man. She had believed in her cousin despite appearances, but now his degradation was marked clearly to her eyes.

that Wallace would spare the young northerner. On the contrary, she knew that his vengeance would be swift and sure, and, with the headlong patience of the south concerning the danger of one she cared for. set out at once, without walting for her father, to avert the catastrophe.

Her father and Lem Fisher were a scant 300 yards behind her when she reached Richmond. They heard the sound of firing as they came through the woods, and urged their horses recklessly over the rotten cor-duroy road. But when they reached the scene of action the battle had ended for the

Robert Hillis was lifting Julia from the where she had been thrown, halfstunned, but otherwise uninjured, when her horse was shot under her, and, from different directions. Wallace and Henderson were running forward with a wary eye on each Brad had a smoking gun in his other. hand. He had remained at the window to take a shot at Ford, and the grayback lay cursing in the road with a scattering charge of buckshot in his leg.

After he had ascertained that his daughter was uninjur∈d, Colonel Dascomb turned

grimly on his nephew. "Well, young man, I hope you all are satisfied with yeou evening's work. Yeou tried tew bully the old man who kept yeou alive du'ing the wah; yeou nearly killed the brave boy who stopped you' in fernal in-gratitude; and finally you' graybacks shoot at a young lady who is you' own cousin. I give youall wahning that unless this deviltry quits right here I'll have eve'y man of yeou wiped out. By God, the whole pack of ye a'nt worth this boy yeou were fixin' tew kill. I 'lowed it was the pahty be-longed tew were tew blame, but neow I see yeou would disgrace any pahty. But they'll quit devlin' yeou, Doctor Hillis, or they'll quit livin'; I give yeou my word on that.

come. Colonel Dascomb's likes were as vehement as his dislikes. He had seen reason to change his opinion about Robert Hillis, and

sionally Colonel Dascomb brought a Wa-verley povel, and read from it to the wounded man. But for the most part Hillis had to content himself with the society of his old colored nurse, who turned the he had gone to the war a rich man and he ad gone back poor; but Dascomb could have forgiven that. What he could not forget was that the carpet-baggers remained to despoil the south and to fill the negroes with pernicious notions of equality. Colonel Dascomb was a democrat as have made not negroes with pernicious notions of equality. Colonel Dascomb was a democrat as hat he had allowed Dascomb to distinct that the had come to him by inheritance.

Hillis told himself that the spoilsmen who were looting the public treasury in the name of the republic an party, whereas he was in reality publican party, whereas he was in reality.

taken six hours a day in all cases of the kind which might come under his care in

kind which might come under his care in the future.

He contrived one day when Julia was making her usual visit to get the nurse out of the room for a time.

Would Miss Dascomb hand him that fan from the table? Miss Dascomb would and did. But, instead of the fan, Hillis laid hold of the little hand that held the fan. The girl colored before his steady eyes, and tried gently to take her hand away.

"Didn't Dr. Stafford say I was to be humored, and that you were to give me whatever I asked for?" demanded Hillis. The girl nodded, laughing and blushing

The girl nodded, laughing and blushing at the same time.
"Well, then, you let your hand stay
where it is. I want it right there," dogma-

tized the young fellow.

"But you didn't ask for it." she cried; then flamed scarlet at her gaucherie.

"Very well, I ask now. Oh, Julia, it's not your hand only I want, but every bit of you. You splendid girl, you'll never know what I thought when I saw you flying through the bullets to save me," he cried impressionally in the same with the impetuously. "Don't you love me a little bit, Julia?"

"I reckon," she answered, shyly, burlesquing the unlettered natives.

When Col. Dascomb tiptoed in, with "Guy Mannering" in one hand and his boots in the other, so as not to waken Hillis if he should prove to be asleep, affairs had progressed so far that there was nothing for it but the paternal blessing. And it is not yet recorded that either the colonel or his daughter have been disappointed in "they

all's Yank."
\*Dead means stunned in Arkansas phras-

GOLD BENEATH HELENA.

\*\*A grayback is a guerrilla.

Rediscovery of Last Chance Gulch Placer Diggings. From the St. Paul Dispatch.

P. R. Martin is believed to have discovered the lost channel of Last Chance creek while sinking a well at his residence on Hollins avenue, in Helena, Mon. Last Chance creek or guich was a noted earlyday placer diggings and produced upward of \$15,000,000 in gold. It derived its name in a peculiar manner. Two prospectors having been unsuccessful at the scene of the first discovery of gold in Montana at Alder creek, and hearing of the reported rich discoveries on Fraser river, started overland for British Columbia, there being no railroads in the northwest at that time.

The journey was a most difficult one-the trails were indistinct, there was danger of Indian raids, and many lives had been sacrificed to the treacherous currents of Clark's fork of the Columbia by those who sought to avoid the land route.

Consequently, when they reached a point near where the present city of Missoula stands, they decided to return to their eastern homes and abandon the race for gold. While thus en route to St. Paul they would test the various streams, not exactly im-bued with hope, but "just taking a chance on getting colors," as one of them ex-

Considerable time was consumed in this manner without tangible results. At last one of them declared their progress was being impeded in this manner in an unwarranted degree and he made a motion that they throw away their gold pans and "make tracks." This was virtually agreed to by

his partner.

They had then reached a point a few miles below the present site of Helena. One of the men suggested and finally insisted that they make one more effort. After much persuasion the other consented, with the remark that it was the last chance. Trudging up the valley to a point where the stream emerged from the mountains they two men hastily to cover. When Brad dipped their pans into the sands. It was ventured to peer out cautiously, he exclaimed:

dipped their pans into the sands. It was a dipped their pans into the sands. It was called the control of the sands and the control of the sands are called the control of the sands. It was the claimed:

Then and there the district was named Naw, by gum, hit air a gyuri."
Hillis was looking at her, too, an indefinable fear tugging at his heart. Both of the men had forgotten that they stood exposed within easy range as they watched the main street of Montana's capital city. The two prospectors went to Virginia City for supplies, and while they endeavored to keep their discovery a search to lead to the main street of Montana's capital city. Brad turned to the doctor, but Hillis was like wildfire, despite the crude methods of communication in existence.

The town grew apace until on either side of the little stream was a row of frame houses. These were later destroyed by a fire, and were replaced with more substantial structures, and the town was built back from the gulch on both sides, so that from point of altitude Main street is the lowest in the city, and forms as picturesque a street as any in the world.

AN ODD COLLECTION.

Why a Book Lover Buys Old Bibles and Hymn Books.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"All book collectors have their weaknesses," remarked a man who is often seen poring over the sidewalk counters of second-hand book shops, "and mine, I confess, runs in the line of old Bibles and hymn books. Not particularly because they are Bibles and hymn books, but because I simply can't stand it to see such books tossed about as dusty, almost worthless secondhand goods. Except in the case of rare old Bibles or quite ancient hymn books, such books cost but a trifle; religious books, as a rule, are almost unsalable in second-hand shops, and I buy a great many. Only, however, such as contain family names and inscriptions of pathetic character.

"My first purchase of the kind was an Episcopal prayer book, battered and torn, with the name of an old friend of mine in gilt on the cover. It gave me a shock to find it on a second-hand counter, so I paid the required dime and carried it home. The man is dead, and his children are living in other cities, well to do. I have no idea how his prayer book became public property. People are queer. I offered it to a remote relative of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since then I have bought in other old family Bibles and hymn books which belonged to people I had known, or which contain interesting written matter. It is pitiful to see a Bible in-scribed, 'To my dear son Henry, from his devoted mother,' or 'Elizabeth, from a lov-ing father,' or 'Little William's birthday gift to Uncle William.'

"When these books come into my hands I erase or tear out the inscriptions, and if my shelf of old Bibles and hymn books ever gets started out again as 'religious junk' it will all be anonymous and wanting in that distressing quality which has made me, perhaps, absurdly sentimental over it."

Deer Down East. From the Worcester Gazette.

Within the past week over a dozen people have seen deer along the line of the Boston and Albany railroad between Rochdale and South Spencer. In fact, the crews, especially the engine men, say that they hardly ever come from Springfield to Worcester and through to Boston without catching sight of either a doe or a buck, and sometimes both. This morning a young doe got on the track in front of an early train from Springfield, and when the engine approached she ran directly down the track. The animal was apparently too frightened to turn away from the track and make her escape. The engineer, who happened to care more for the doe's life than making fast time, slowed up and was obliged to come to a standstill once in order to save Miss Doe. A deer can run fast, but it is no match for an Iron horse, so the race, which lasted for about half a mile, was an uneven one, with odds on the en-gine. After a succession of quick blasts

In a lonely retreat a rose I found, In its soul a sigh, in its heart a wound, In its look a language old. In its silent song I heard, in effect. The story that tells of a sad neglect, Of a love once warm, now cold.

My heart was touched with sympathy true.



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY AND PARTY GOING TO THE TRACKS.

## RICH HORSEMEN

The Croesuses of the Race Course and How They Bet.

SARATOGA MEETING

THE EAGLE EYE AND TEMPERED NERVES OF JAMES R. KEENE.

New Track Will Be Inaugurated Monday, August 4, With Great

Written for The Evening Star by Paul Danby. It is predicted that a larger number of those Croesuses who live chiefly to promote high-class racing in the United States will be present at the opening of the new Saratoga race track Monday than have ever before been in evidence on the opening day of a race meeting. For the beginning of the Saratoga season this year is really the formal launching of a new dispensation in American turf matters, the aim of the Saratoga Association, as voiced oft and again by its president, William C. Whitney, being to place horse racing in this country on a higher level than ever before. To this end Mr. Whitney and his associates have taken an immense amount of personal pains, beside laying out a sum of money closely approximating \$350,000, in rejuvenating the track and all that appertains thereto. They have risked heavily on the willingness and ability of their fellow-citi-

be on hand. His picturesque prominence in the public prints for a score of years or more make him the observed of many ob-servers wherever his presence is known, and he will be pointed out and gossiped over by thousands before the day is over.

James R. Keene's Eye. Among the jockeys and the trainers, the stable boys, the bookmen and all the other race track professionals. Mr. Keene stands very near the top of the list. This is largely because of his eye. It is keen, alert and all-seeing. There is no devotee of racing on either side of the water who goes into the sport in a more business-like manner than he. Before every race in which he is interested he spends as long a time in the paddock as he can, paying strict attention to his own horses. He watches the saddling as intently as if millions depended upon the operation. Nothing escapes him, and his stient scrutiny—he never speaks unless something goes wrong—keeps his employes keyed to the keenest tension.

If by chance he detects anything amiss

there is something doing at once. Keeza never speaks to the jockey, or the stable boy, or the groom who may be at fault, though. It is to the trainer only that this racing magnate addresses himself, and, no matter how severe may be the opinion or criticism he has to express, his vocabulary, though forceful, is always well in hand, and there are few, indeed, who have ever heard him swear. When the race is ready to be run Mr.

Keene hies himself to the most available

perceptibly. It's the man who risks all he as on a race that has need of nerve when "Keene has this sort of nerve in quan-

ities, even if he doesn't have to exercise It when betting on a race," says a man who has known him in his flushest as well as in

his most stringent periods.
"There was one day, long ago," says this man, "when Jim Keene had to borrow the allroad fare from Cedarhurst on Long Island to New York before he could get to town to try and make a raise. Well, on that day he appeared the same cool, shrewd nervy chap that he seems today; just as neat in his dress, though his clothes weren't so new, and quite as aloof from the com-mon herd. Nobody on earth would have thought him short of cash. Another thing: James R. Keene is 'well fixed' now-I wish I had half his money-and might well af-ford a spacious country house and a palatial city residence, but he has neither. When he is in New York he puts up at the Waldorf Astoria, and when he is at Cedar-hurst he lives in the same wooden cottage-I don't believe it cost a cent more than \$5,000—that he called home in the days of his hardest luck. There was a time then when the ceiling of the porch of this house showed a great scar where the plaster had That scar was healed long ago, and the house and lawn are now a good deal neater in appearance than they were, but otherwise the house is practically unchanged.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Bettor.

Of all the Croesus bettors on the turf William K. Vanderbilt is the most interesting, perhaps. He goes into the ring just esting, perhaps. He goes into the ring just like any ordinary bettor, and he makes as We are disposed to emphasize this point blg a show of his emotions as he would if his fortune depended upon success. He used for the purposes of illumination and looks anxious, uncertain, uplifted or cast down, according to his luck. Sometimes he "beefs" when he loses, and often he gets so wrought up that his eyes stick out of his head like the eyes of a boy playing an exciting game of marbles. It isn't because he cares for the money, when things go the wrong way, that he stirs up the turf so, say his friends, but because he gets so wrapped up in the game. That's one of the reasons he is so popular with the professionals about the race tracks. He won't be at Saratoga on the opening day, more's the pity for the sake of entertainment, being otherwise engaged in

by his enthusiasm. Thus, more than once Mr. Whitney has paid a fabulous sum for some horse that has done one big stunt. only to find later that the price paid was altogether too high. Since Paget has been a full racing partner of the former naval secretary such Whitney purchases have been less conspicuous, and the horses in the Whitney stable have been much better se-

Handsome R. T. Wilson, Jr.

In his way almost as interesting on the track as either Keene or Whitney, or W. From the Jewish Spectator. K. Vanderbilt, is R. T. Wilson, jr. Like Keene, young Wilson is seldom seen personally in the betting ring, generally delegating personage not very well known the country over, but thoroughly typical of New York and the race courses nearby, and well known among the habitues thereof. There s a rumor that he has done very well at his wagerings this year so far, and his adjust so much the more valuable to his friends who may ask him to place their

Young Wilson, by the by, is almost as handsome for a young man as his father is for an old one, and that is saying a good deal, since next to the late Collis P. Huntington, R. T. Wilson the elder is the best looking men of years that ever stepped foot in New York. More than that, he has aristocratic bearing and manners, too, and the young man shares both these characteristics, as befits one whose sisters are married to a British ambassador, a Goelet and a Vanderbilt. It is not certain

offset, however, by the general admission being put at 50 cents, 25 cents less than general admission to most tracks.

count up to \$50,000.

It Generates Heat and is Dangerous When Carelessly Placed.

but is not now, a power in politics, and

Oliver H. P., who married Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt-are likely to be on the grounds

tomorrow. Perry is a director of the association. Both he and Oliver P. H. dabble

somewhat in racing, but not at all in the

degree that their brother August does. Au-

gust is the most popular of the three among their associates. None of them is commu-nicative to reporters, wherein they differ

from Mr. Whitney and most high-grade

There are only a few of the racing celebrities certain to be on view at Saratoga to-

morrow, and there is hardly room on this

newspaper page to pay a compliment to each of them. But, surely, no mention of Saratoga's opening would be complete that did not include Thomas Hitchcock, jr., and John Sanford of Amsterdam, jolly, good-

natured and popular, and prone to be pho-

tographed with his hands on the ribbons. Mr. Sanford is one of the best liked of all

Mr. Saniord is one of the best liked of all the eastern turf men, nor is his fame con-fined to racing circles, for was he not elect-ed to the House of Representatives a few years ago from his up-state district? And was he not then the youngest congressman who ever served? Sanford, like most of them, has a nerve of steel when it comes

time to lose, and so has Thomas Hitchcock,

The biggest "event" at Saratoga this year

nore to the winner than either the Subur-

ban or the Brooklyn Handicap, the amount being \$22,000. Besides, a gold cup worth \$1,500 will be put up. The stakes of this race are gradually to be increased till they

One of the things about which there will

be some grumbling at Saratoga will be the price of grand stand seats-\$3-just a dol-

ar more than at other tracks. This will be

THE INCANDESCENT LIGHT.

will be the Saratoga Special, a sweepstakes, with entrance fee of \$1.000 and a forfeiture of half that sum. This race will be worth

From the London Lancet. The incandescent electric lamp is essentially a device which transforms electricity partly into light, but mostly into heat. As is well konwn, the carbon filament of the lamp is a substance offering great resistance to the passage of the current, and the product of this resistance is light and heat. It is an instance of the translation of one form of energy into another. It may not, however, generally be known that the light produced is, after all, but a small percentage of the energy thus manifested-some 5

or 6 per cent only at the most. This fact is very important, bearing in mind a very common notion that the electric incandescent lamp is free from the heat rays. It is true that the lamp when working is not comparable with a flame or naked light, but at the same time the heat decoration in shops without any regard to the possibility-nay, probability-of fancy goods being fired which happen to be contiguous. Indeed, so firm is the idea that care should be exercised with the electric lamp in its application in this connection, but the risk, of course, is not so great as

where naked lights are employed. We have found by experiment that on im-mersing a sixteen-candispower lamp (100 willingness and ability of their fellow-citizens to support a great race track hundreds of miles distant from any of the great centers of population, and failure, should it come, will not be due to the absence of any of the promoters at the send-off, if they can possibly be present. Thus Monday will be a great day for the visitor to Saratoga not already acquainted with the personal peculiarities of the various kings of the turf.

James R. Keene, tail, spare, wearing a shining silk hat, and immaculately but quietly clad, will be one of the most interesting figures in sight. He is not an officer of the association, but he is intensely interested in its success, and has promised to be on hand. His picturesque prominence in volts pressure) in half a pint of water the the lamp. The lamp in contact with celluloid fires it in less than five minutes, and therefore the danger is particularly obvious in the case of toy shops, where electric in-candescent lamps are often suspended in

the midst of toy celluloid balls.

HEBREW AND JEW. An Authority Raises a New Question and Then Explains.

The question What is Judaism? has been asked and answered a number of times. We raise a new question. We ask: Who is the placing of bets to Harry Vingut, a a Jew? A person is not born a Jew. He is a Jew by education. One may be born a Hebrew, just the same as one may be born a Hindoo. But by education a Hindoo could be a Jew, and a Hindoo could be a Mohammedan, or a Mermon, or anything else. People often say, I can tell a Jew as quick as I see him. Nothing is more false. They can tell the Hebrew, but they can never tell the Jew. One is not a Jew be-

> cause born of Jewish parents. One may be a Hebrew by birth, and the parents may be good Jews; yet the child may preach atheism, and of course is no Jew. It's the same with Christians. Good Christian parents might bring up a child who would turn atheist, and as a matter per se an atheist is no Christian. The be-lief in God as the Supreme Being and the Creator of all, and the reverence of that God, and a broad charity toward all His God, and a broad chart, creatures makes a man a Jew, a good Mohammedan. This Christian or a good Mohammedan. This much each faith has in common with the others. In their peculiarities, which is sig-nified by their several names, they are sovereign and independent. He is a Jew who holds God's word in hand and in heart, who sacredly obeys the laws proclaimed from Mount Sinai, and who reveres the people who marched with these laws through fire and water and all sorts of persecut around the earth, proclaiming on the way, Jehovah in God, into the hearts of the civilized nations. He is a Jew, his faith we call Judaism.

Quaint Dispensation of Hospitality. From the Philadelphia Record.

Frank Dent, an Arch street resident, knows a hundred quaint and curious corners of England that tourists never visit. He described one of them yesterday. "Back of Twyford, which is near Southampton," he said, "there is an old, old monastery, with an old and thick stone wall around it. In this wall there is a wicket gate, and by the gate a monk is always stationed. The monk is there to halt every traveler that goes by, and, having halted him, he gives him a cup of ale, a crust of bread and a penny. Years ago, it seems, some one died, and in his will left to the monastery an endowment that was to ease the way of weary travelers by giving them this re-freshment and small coin. As long, there-fore, as the monastery stands a monk will stand by its wicket gate, and every traveler who passes will be cheered with a drink, a bite and a penny.

His Business Was "Lookin' Up."

From the Philadelphia Times. A young man, who had been born and raised in Towanda, this state, recently returned there after an absence of six or seven years. As he walked from the station to the home of his relatives, he encountered the old negro who had attended to the town's whitewashing from time immemorial. There was an exchange of greetings, after which the returned native

"Well, I see that you and the whitewash brush are still in partnership. How is busi-ness-looking up?"
"Yes-a! yes-a!" chuckled the old fellow. "That do be its way jus' now, sah. Yo' see, Ise kal-so-min-in' the cellin' ub de Baptis

The Czar's Kitchens. From the Mexican Herald.

said:

The czar's kitchens in St. Petersburg are said to be the most magnificent in the world. Not only are the walls and ceilings of black marble, covered with valuable ormany of the kitchen pots and clinally belonged to the Emere of solid gold. The head princely salary, is a resons.

rarely or never seen in the betting ring, employing a "commissioner," a big and burly Briton, to place his bets. Sometimes he did not propose to go half-way in the matter. Hills had shown himself a man from the whistle the doe jumped to the side of the track and sprang lightly over the wire fence, disappearing in a thicket at this man is kept exceedingly busy running back and forth between the ring and wherof courage and spirit, and there is nothing oped Emmet Wallace till he were dead, the south admires more. So that when the ever Keene may happen to be. The com-missioner often takes his part in the betthe side. young doctor fainted outright in the road ting far more seriously than Keene does himself. The master never turns a hair, A Discarded Rose. must have him out to the plantation until Written for The Evening Star by Chas, T. Miller. no matter whether he wins or loses, re-Every day, for a few minutes, Miss Julia Dascomb visited her guest's room to find ceiving congratulations and condolences alike with stoicism, but his commissioner whether he was being well treated. frequently becomes quite wrought up over an unexpected loss.

> Millionaire Bettors. The underlings of the race track are as

location for the watching of the contest.

gust Belmont, or any of the rest of them ways of the turf thoroughly, and it rewere to the good or the bad, but this isn't added that he is a better horse

At Sheepshead bay this is the upper veranda of the club house, and upon it he on Saratoga's opening day or not, but probably one or more of them will be, and if so, both their celebrity and their striking stands, with set face, strong glasses glued to his eyes from the beginning to the end personal appearance will make them the focus of as many eyes as any of the turf celebrities. The oldest of the Wilson sisof the race, and immovable as a statue. He risks heavily at times, of course, but is ters, wife of Ambassador Herbert, who will come to America with her husband soon, is quite as handsome as her sisters, Mrs. Og-den Goelet and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, but not so striking in appearance, for they are both blonde, while her hair is a quiet shade of brown. Young Wilson is one of the best losers in the country.

Nearly all the turf celebrities who will be prominent at Saratoga represent wads, and heaps, and piles, and chunks of money, but

whether any of the sisters will be present

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR.

none of the others will represent nearly as much, both directly and indirectly, as the quiet-looking, middle-sized, middle-tinted, middle-aged man whom some of his inti-mates term "Augie." This is August Belmont, the present head of the banking house of Belmont, and personal representative in America of the multi-millioned Rothschilds. Mr. Belmont's name is not listed among the officers of the Saratoga Association, but he's a power in the or-ganization, and he fil's the place for so many years held by his father as the main-stay of American high-class racing. It goes without saying that he knows the